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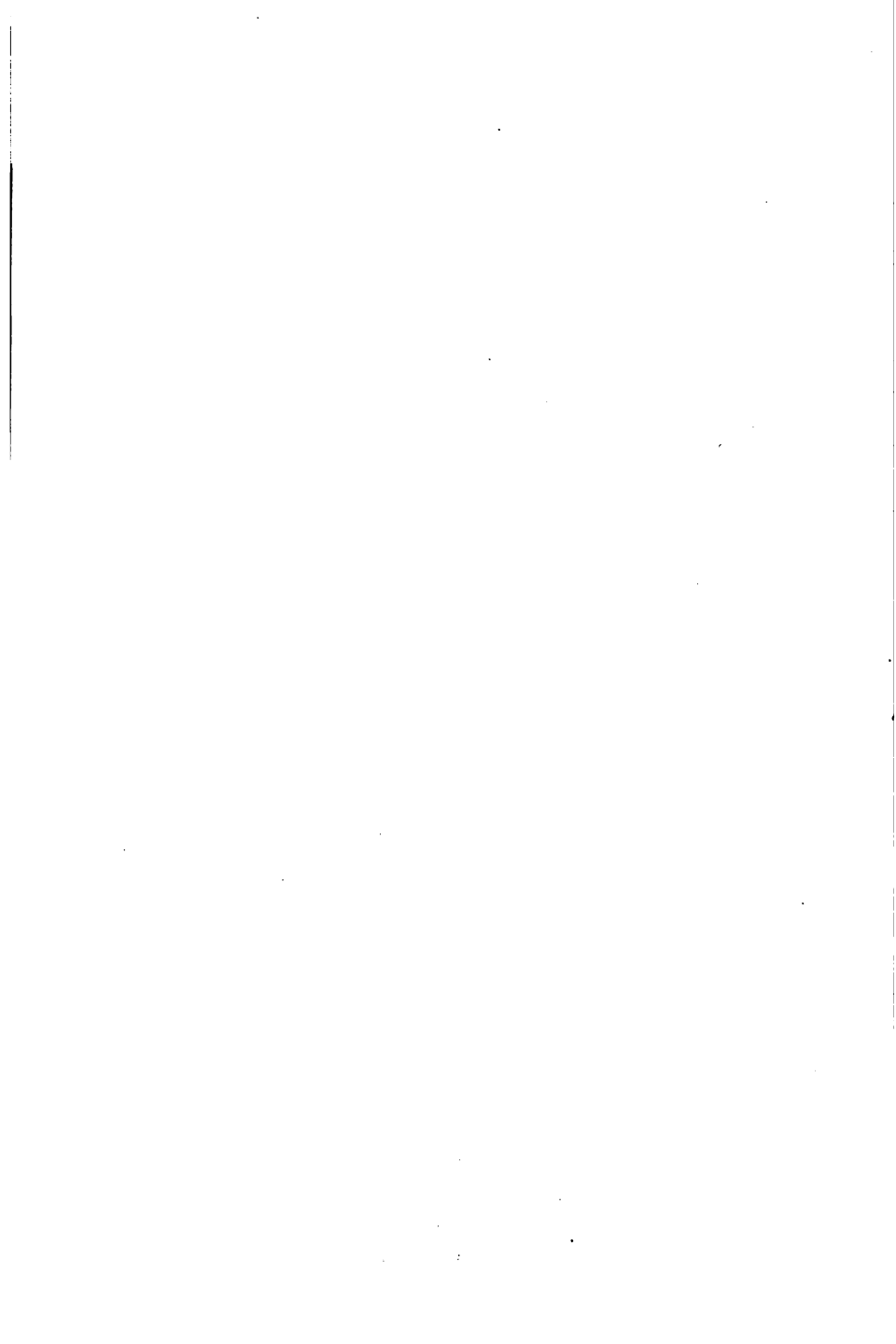
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INDIAN SUMMER  
HENRY LANE ENO

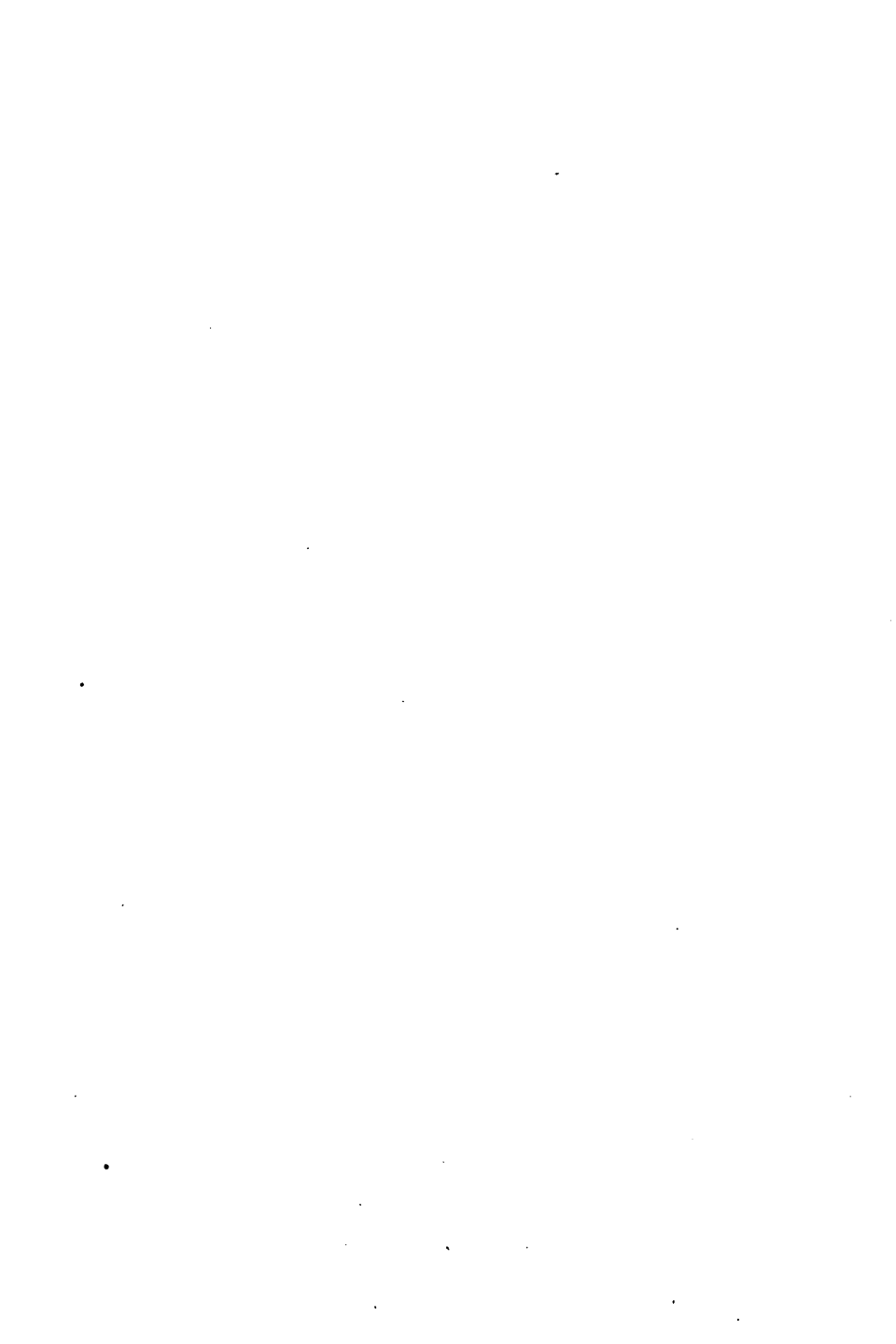


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# INDIAN SUMMER



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# INDIAN SUMMER

By  
HENRY LANE ENO



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1921

A.P.





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# **INDIAN SUMMER**



## INDIAN SUMMER

Yet once again across the crimson hills  
Aglow with autumn fires  
The South-wind, murmuring from far-off seas,  
Awakens faint midsummer melodies,  
And tunes his throbbing lyres.

Once more the shy thrush lingers in the shade,  
The tardy white-throat pipes his piercing strain,  
While from the pasture crickets falsely shrill  
That spring has come again.

The warm fields ring with tender mating-songs,  
And bright belated butterflies  
Soar in the sun-strewn breeze which softly brings,  
Upon its shining evanescent wings,  
Such plaintive memories.

As still, in thought, the aged live anew  
A glorious youth which might have been their own,  
Walking, in old accustomed paths, with forms  
And visions that have gone;

## INDIAN SUMMER

So glimmers through the gentle-spreading haze  
A vernal afterglow,  
Weeping, with rainbow-tinted leaves for tears,  
The half-forgotten dreams of happier years  
That vanished long ago;

For now the dying Summer's reverie,  
Spreads brief illusions through the haunted air,  
With songs unsung, and flowers which never grew  
So wonderful and fair;

The gates of Heaven have swung their myriad bars,  
And Beauty, from her throne,  
Flinging a golden mantle on the earth,  
Has stooped to clothe with a celestial worth  
These few short hours alone.

Now, from afar, flow magic harmonies  
Too perfect in their transitory spell:  
For where to-morrow will have fled away  
The rose and asphodel?

To-morrow when the Frost-lord from his lair,  
In twilight majesty shall sweep,  
Blighting the forest with his touch of gold,  
While speeds the North-wind from his icy fold  
To kiss the world to sleep.

## INDIAN SUMMER

When every virgin wood shall slip her veil,  
Baring her heart to Winter's rude embrace;  
And these long days seem but pale fantasies  
Of melancholy grace.

So swift they fade, with all their strange delight,  
Like frail and momentary gleams—  
These days whose glories, vanishing so fast,  
Still echo through the dim aisles of the past  
Their splendour and their dreams!



## SONNETS

### I

Wake Love! The golden-thronèd sun has gone.  
The red moon drifts low on the deep-eyed night.  
The winds have ceased their melancholy moan,  
And far across the marsh, in somber flight,  
Like some great sable overshadowing bird,  
The black wings of the storm have fled to sea.  
Now shine the stars, and all the bay is stirred  
By mirrored moon-beams lingering in the lee.  
Long since has failed the clamor of the day,  
In quiet lie the restless thoughts of men,  
So faint are distant sounds they scarce betray  
That dream-meshed earth will ever rouse again.  
Yet now—so soon the silver dawn will break—  
Now, while the night is darkest, Love awake!

## SONNETS

### II

Once, long ago, I looked upon the fields,  
Splashed red with clover, drenched in summer sun,  
And gloried in the shade the dark wood yields  
When the deep-uddered cattle have begun  
To loiter back through grassbound paths toward  
home.

The tranquil stars that glowed so silently  
Filled me with quiet awe, nor any gloom  
Disturbed their radiant loveliness for me.  
But now, though sunlight grows and fades away,  
And far-flung argent banners of the moon,  
Trail on the sea; although the dying day  
Paints the frail clouds with gleams of vanished  
noon—

Even Beauty sleeps unheeded on her throne,  
Since all my world lies in your hands alone.

## SONNETS

### III

Sometime the transient wonder of the sky  
Shall fade again into primeval gloam.  
The suns that through their radiant courses roam,  
The night's immeasurable blazonry,  
All—even the mightiest stars—at last must die,  
When their appointed season shall have come,  
And yield their flaming souls to some strange home,  
As we must, Oh my love, both you and I.  
Then let us live once more our fleeting hour  
While, safe within your arms, I still can hear  
The low sweet throbbing of your troubled heart,  
Still feel your trembling lips; till that dread Power,  
Who, when we know it least, shall hover near  
To drive us, with unsparing sword, apart.

## SONNETS

### IV

Let me not ask for more than you can give  
In some short hour of burning joy and pain,  
Or than this fleeting moment may contain,  
But only that the past no more may live,  
Lest, dying all too late, it basely strive  
To bind our passion with its hateful chain  
And darken the young morn with shadows vain,  
Leaving but weak regrets still to survive.  
For even as frailest bubbles on a stream  
Call down their rainbows from the glowing sky,  
Shall we not also win some magic gleam—  
These bubbles on life's current, you and I—  
From Heaven's unimaginable dream,  
In answer to our feeble human cry?

## SONNETS

### V

Like some frail virgin glory that has shone  
In Night's eternal diadem of stars,  
And, weary of her solitude, unbars  
The gates of Heaven to escape alone  
Toward longing Earth, you now have come and  
gone.

Since then, upborn on memory's mocking streams,  
I feed my heart on unsubstantial dreams,  
Counting the laggard moments one by one.  
So, all my days are desolate and gray  
While wintry winds proclaim their rude alarms;  
Yet when Night wraps me in her kindly arms  
And all the common world grows far away,  
Then even the ice-bound fields, by love set free,  
Feel Spring's intolerable ecstasy!

## SONNETS

### VI

The night is waning and the lamps are low,  
The world, grown quiet on the wings of sleep,  
Drifts with the wintry stars across the deep,  
And all the fields are white with driven snow.  
Through bare gray boughs the moaning west  
winds blow;  
While, close beneath the hemlock's ancient sweep,  
Warm-nestled birds their silent slumbers keep,  
Waiting the crimson-crownèd dawn's first glow.  
In all these lingering hours of hushed desire  
When we are still, alas, so far apart,  
I only am awake, my soul on fire  
With strange enchanted visions—till I start.  
Hearing again, like some faint tonèd lyre,  
The ceaseless throbbing of my lonely heart.

## SONNETS

### VII

Let me not dream till you once more are near,  
But shrouded in immeasurable sleep  
Let me await, in some oblivion deep,  
That happiest hour when you again are here;  
Lest, wakening in the watches darkly drear  
Of night's immense and tardy-flowing sweep,  
Your lips no longer to my kisses leap,  
And my heart breaks with loneliness and fear.  
Yet dream I must, for only in my dreams  
Your timorous caresses still endure,  
The fragrant glory of your hair still streams  
About me, with its faint mysterious lure,  
And all your pale impassioned beauty gleams  
A fragile flower in my arms secure.

## SONNETS

### VIII

Like fragrance blown upon the summer winds  
From distant isles of spice, or far Ceylon  
Whose ruined temples to strange gods long gone .  
Hide in the shade of ancient tamarinds;  
Or like faint airs from jasmine scented leas  
Where youth and maidens dance in happy throng,  
Amid pale blossoms, to love's magic song,  
Beyond the far-off azure tropic seas—  
Like these, the ever-growing memory  
Of long sweet star-strewn hours shall linger still  
As each new speeding year wings swifter by;  
While through all changing seasons, good or ill,  
Shall some frail echo of this melody  
Ring in my ears until I too must die!



## SONNETS

### IX

The sweetest incense from a sun-kissed field,  
The rarest visions of beauty—when afar  
Poised on some pointed pine-tip shines a star,  
Or, swiftly climbing on the azure shield  
Of heaven, fantastic silver cloud-shapes yield  
Their fragile spirits to the rushing air—  
All, all of these my questionings still mar,  
Leaving my weary discontent unhealed.  
The dreams of love, the loving hopes that dream  
Of wealth or power, appear an empty shell;  
While life's deep-rolling flood looks thin and vain.  
And yet does this strange disaffection seem  
So sure a search divine, that I'd not sell  
My discontent for all the world's great gain.

## SONNETS

### X

Tell me, Oh God, why hast thou made a world  
That always, with the self-same longing cry,  
Still seeks in vain for some divine reply?  
Why were the flaming banners of heaven unfurled,  
Or pale star-mothers in their spirals curled  
To scatter radiant sons across the sky?  
And why were we born but to strive and die—  
Into this strange and dread existence hurled?  
While Thou wert still deep hid by primal night,  
In perfect self-contained bliss withdrawn,  
Why did thine awful word evoke the light?  
I ask; but though unheeded is my prayer,  
With joyous answer to my dark despair  
A bird's sweet carol pierces through the dawn.

## SONNETS

### XI

Too often have I lingered in life's course  
Unmindful of the moment's fleet advance,  
The charge of duty or of high romance,  
And all the guerdons that our toils enforce,  
To muse upon the old mysterious source  
Of destiny's incalculable chance—  
Wasting the priceless hours in idle trance  
Until my soul has filled with vain remorse.  
Yet when, close on Earth's ancient flowery breast  
I hear her heart's blood as it ebbs and flows,  
From all more sordid splendours once released,  
Gladly I drink of every wind that blows,  
And watch, beyond the distant purpling east,  
Pale clouds like faint far-off Himalayan snows.

## SONNETS

### XII

Quaint figures on a screen that flutter by,  
I see them pass in dainty-coloured dance.  
Some seem to smile, some weep, and some by  
    chance  
Like slaves, stretch out their frail hands help-  
    lessly.  
Vast breakers sweep upon the shore and die;  
Through distant clouds the sheeted lightnings  
    glance,  
Planets and suns, with glittering circumstance,  
Swing slowly through the illimitable sky.  
But who is the magician unrevealed  
That makes this mighty show of life abound?  
Real seemed the hosts; the waves rolled high, and  
    reeled  
The ships before the storm: I heard the sound  
Of voices call—Yet when I tore the shield,  
My own pale mirrored face alone I found.

## SONNETS

### XIII

Somewhile, when life's thin-woven web grows frail,  
And through its meshes gleam the sky and sea—  
A sea where never glimmers faintest sail,  
A starless heaven's somber panoply—  
When some weak thread alone bars out the night  
From whose vast silent depths no voices clear,  
But only murmurings, in some strange flight,  
Yet reach the eager-listening human ear:  
Then, when the threatening shadows prove their  
    sway,  
When all the mellow sunlight in the fields  
Grows ever dearer as it drifts away,  
And every wraith of radiance lingering yields  
To gloom, I hear the brooding Silence say  
"Am I not life, and night, and death, and day?"

## SONNETS

### XIV

#### ON A PORTRAIT BY LEONARDO IN THE COLONNA GALLERY

Unfading semblance of a transient grace  
Whose fragile harmony has, long ago,  
Been lost within the vast adagio  
Played by the vanishing years—none can dis-  
place

Your quiet smile; nor can grim time efface  
The freshness from your cheeks, nor scatter snow  
Upon your hair, nor lessen the soft glow  
Snatched by art's living joy from death's dis-  
grace.

Still lingers on that youthful radiance,  
As fair as golden sunlight hovering yet  
Upon the vine-clad hills of Tuscany.  
Still Beauty, through the gateway of your glance,  
Has flung her soul, and on your forehead set  
The seal of her own immortality.

## SONNETS

### XV

#### MARCH

No birds that, dreaming, sing; no rustling leaves.  
Only the murmuring sea beneath the moon,  
North winds that chant their melancholy tune  
Through leafless branches and abandoned sheaves;  
And from afar, where restless ocean heaves,  
The wild and ghostly laughter of a loon—  
Weird water-banshee from some arctic June—  
That, like a clarion, through the silence cleaves.  
Long since the gulls have ceased their mournful  
calls,  
Which, circling low at dawn, they uttered thrice  
To bode the coming storm that even now,  
Crouched like a huntsman, the dark sky-rim  
thralls;  
And all the shore's bleak overhanging brow  
Wears still its glittering diadem of ice.

## SONNETS

### XVI

#### EARLY SPRING

Deep drifted lies the late and lingering snow,  
The fields are in their icy covering bound,  
And Earth, her ancient breast in sleep profound,  
Unmindful of the Sun's first timid glow,  
Still dreams of mellow harvests long ago;  
While forest branches strew the frozen ground,  
And through bare boughs, with melancholy sound,  
The boisterous western winds still surge and blow.  
Yet, piping through the gale with slender strain.  
A faint far-off impassioned note I hear  
Braving the Winter's wrath with gay disdain;  
And all my heart is filled with magic cheer:  
It is the Bluebird's warble, sweet and clear,  
Telling the world that Spring has come again!



## INVOCATION

Oh Heart of the World still singing to me  
Of youth, and love, and gayety,  
Across the wide wind-driven sea  
I call to thee.

Far down the pathway of the sun,  
Before the morning mists have gone,  
While still the dewdrops dance and run,  
I search for thee.

Deep in the shadow of the woods  
Where leaf-born twilight always broods,  
In quiet solitary moods,  
I dream of thee.

And even when winter's grim gales blow  
Through fields of freshly fallen snow,  
I listen, waiting, for thy low  
Sweet melody.

## THE MASTER OF COMPASSION

Whence shall he come, the Lord that is to be?  
From where the ancient splendour of the East  
Still sleeps among her ruins and her dreams—  
Where Krishna taught, where Buddha showed the  
Way,

And Christ gave men their immortality?  
Or shall he come beneath a western sun,  
Born from the shock of peoples in new lands  
Where north winds, fresh from ever-virgin snows,  
Sweep over boundless fields of tossing grain  
And cities wearied with the lust of gain?

How shall we greet the Mighty One returned?  
Shall throngs and princes hail him conqueror  
With waving banners: Shall he sit, at last,  
Enthroned among the rulers and the wise?  
Or, nurtured by the lowly and the poor,  
Shall he, far from our temples, dwell unseen,

## THE MASTER OF COMPASSION

Keeping alight his sacrificial flame  
Until, awakened in their hidden towers,  
The lonely silent Watchers of the night  
Shall read his secret and proclaim his might?

And shall he come, this Servant of mankind,  
To-day, or in the far-off years untold?  
Shall we, our children's children, hear his words;  
Or, though the dim on-thundering centuries,  
Must we despair, till from some mountain peak,  
A solitary seer as yet unborn  
Shall catch, at last, a glimmer of the morn?

We know not; neither can the wisest tell  
When the long-needed Saviour will appear,  
Whether—from West or East—to-morrow, or  
In days that wait, like pearls as yet unstrung  
Upon the thread of time; but this we know,  
That, surely as the pure and scented dawn  
Shall once more gleam across the darkened sky,  
So shall he come again; so shall, once more,  
A Master of Compassion tread our shore,  
Healing, with god-like pity, Earth's old scars,  
His brow unearthly diademed with stars!

## LOVE'S LAMENT

Beyond the woodland dales and rills  
Lie meadows deep in daffodils,  
But far beyond the furthest hills  
My lover waits for me.

The sun shone out the day he came,  
Afire with some mysterious flame;  
Yet never has it seemed the same  
Since he went down the lea.

The birds sang—Ah! so joyously,  
And all the blossoms we passed by  
Turned rainbow faces to the sky  
When first he came to me.

But long ago he went away  
Far down the river to the bay  
Then out across the sea, they say:  
The sleepless, untamed sea.

## LOVE'S LAMENT

And now my days are full of tears,  
Of longing hope, and maddening fear,  
For I have waited all these years  
To bring him back to me.

Now all my nights, down wandering streams,  
I drift on vain and mocking dreams  
To where the boundless ocean gleams  
That tore my dear love free.

While each new flower, each bird that trills,  
My heart with desperate longing fills;  
For still beyond the furthest hills  
My lover waits for me.

## CYRENE

### I

Now is the bright new morning of the world,  
And down it dance two idle shepherd youths  
With pipe in hands  
And myrtle bands  
Twined on their brows as they fare joyously.

“Come—sing of flowers in sun-kissed fields,  
Of sweetness that the thicket yields,  
Of violets that the shadow shields  
So tenderly.

Who knows? To-morrow we may die,  
And with the dreary dead may lie;  
Then let us, while love still is nigh,  
Dance merrily.”

## CYRENE

### II

Today it is the world's sedate high noon,  
And through the splendour of a summer sun  
Two men, whose beards and hair have just begun  
To crisp with gray, walk thoughtfully alone.

"So let us, while still shines this dream of day,  
Before all gladness shall have slipped away,  
Taste to the full the savour of the fray,  
Draining life's golden chalice while we may.

Not wantonly, but with the finest sense  
We can command—the goodly consequence  
Of that restraint which can so well dispense  
With much to reap a subtler recompense."

And now the eventide of Earth draws near.  
The shadows of Time's pitiless deceit  
Grow ever longer as the speeding year  
Drifts on toward Winter's icy winding sheet.

## CYRENE

### III

“Come—let us chant the solemn threnody  
That celebrates the quiet sinking down  
Of ripened age into infinitude,  
The gentle laying by of outworn life,  
Like some long-delicate and fragile wreath,  
Upon the altar of the vast Unknown  
That wraps us even from our babyhood.

A life with retrospection so well fraught  
That all its end is but the tranquil dream  
Of fragrant and time-softened memories—  
Of years so lived that every passing hour  
Was tasted to the utmost, yet so well  
Lived that no bitter dregs of vain regret  
Remain to weary, no dark winnowings  
Sown in excess; but only the reward

Of dwelling under Reason's fair white light  
In perfect saneness and serenity.  
And so at last, in quiet, let us fade  
Into the rapture of unending sleep.”



## THE HERMIT THRUSH

Frail singer of the northern woods!  
Your first wild melody  
Floats down with the scent of the spruce from the  
    hill,  
When the winds of the dawn send their magical  
    thrill  
Far over the summer sea.

Then silent beneath the hemlock shade,  
In mountain gorge, or forest glen  
You hide till the pines glow with sunset fires,  
And the vanishing glory of twilight inspires  
Your heart to its music again.

Ethereal haunting ecstasy;  
Love-notes that soar in jubilant throng!  
All the tears of the world, the pity of heaven,  
The laughter of morn, and the longing of even  
Lie deep in your tender song!

## MARJORIE

Adown a field of daffodils  
Where sunshine laughs, the winds intone,  
And Redwing answers Bob-o-Lincoln's trills,  
Walks Marjorie alone.

A cloud drifts silvered on the noon,  
A pair of beetles idly drone,  
While homing wood-doves, gently plaining, croon  
To her, so long alone.

Though lengthening shadows slowly throng,  
And rustling airs more loudly moan;  
Though rises now the robin's evening song,  
Still, still, she waits alone.

And now the moon has risen fair,  
The crimson-curtained sun has gone,  
The Pleiades shine out, as, in despair,  
She homeward turns alone.

## REINCARNATION

Long since the thrush had stilled his haunting note,  
The ice-scarred granite hills slept in the haze,  
And all the lake, fringed with warm-scented pines,  
Lay like a gleaming mirror in the sun.

Soothed by the measured dip of languid oars  
We wandered idly, as yet unaware  
That even now enchantment, old and strange,  
Was stealthily creeping from the wooded shore,  
Or that a faint unwonted incense filled  
The common air—secret, slow-gathering—  
Blown on mysterious currents from the East  
Which slumbered, time-worn and so far away,  
Beneath the rounded azure rim of heaven.

And so we drifted, while, low murmuring,  
As though subdued by some deep-hidden spell,  
My friend told wondrous and unearthly tales  
Of Egypt long ago.

Then strangely, in an instant, as she spoke,

## REINCARNATION

A magic shutter dropped before our eyes  
With thin and bell-like ring, and all the hills,  
The lake, the circling forests, slipped away  
Like a frail mist before the shafts of dawn.  
For even between two heart beats everything  
Had changed. The faint elusive redolence  
Which, but a narrow moment since, had seemed  
Only a fancy born of summer dreams,  
Now stirred our sharpened senses like a wind  
Fresh from long-loved, but long forgotten worlds.

Still rhythmically and unbroken came  
The sound of ripples and the beat of oars;  
But suddenly before our wondering gaze  
A new, yet ancient well-known glory shone.  
For, where the limpid northern lake had slept,  
Cool and clear-breasted, now rolled by a flood—  
Swift, yellow-hued, flecked by fierce tropic fires;  
While, as though witchèd by some magician's  
wand,  
Our woodman's boat had turned into a barque,  
Upon whose silken-shaded deck we lay  
Clad in the splendour of a by-gone age.

## REINCARNATION

Through shimmering heat-veils delicate fronded  
palms

Fringed the worn banks, while close on either hand  
Stretched the wide desert, golden in the glare;  
And far away, crowned with a gleaming haze,  
A vast and solitary temple glowed  
Beneath the Arabian hills.

Yet the same friend  
Was speaking still; and, though her speech had  
changed,  
My heart leaped to the cadence of her words.  
“We travel south toward strange and unknown  
shores.

Far down the winding Nile lies golden Thebes!”  
Then, like a moon-ray on some wisp of cloud,  
She smiled, and smiling brushed away a tear.  
And straightway I remembered all those nights  
Deep in the temple shadows, when the moon,  
Like Isis with her bow-bent silver horns,  
Strayed for a moment on the Libyan crests  
And sank again into the somber vale  
Where lay the hidden tombs of long dead kings.

## REINCARNATION

Ah wondrous memory! For had not I,  
A priest of Amon, bound by holy vows,  
Taken her, a virgin priestess, in my arms?  
But now, pursued by the avenging Gods,  
We fled toward sacred Nile's mysterious source  
Far off beyond the habitable world;  
While, in sweet dreams, I lived those hours again;  
Lulled by the rowers' chanting monotone,  
Kissing the tear-drops from my dear love's eyes,  
Until the illimitable desert sands  
Grew ever fainter in the waning day,  
And died, from gold through gray and amethyst,  
Into the shadows of a purple gloom  
Beneath the eternal vault of gleaming stars.

Then Sleep spread over us her gentle wings,  
And under ghostly silent-falling veils  
All the warm world withdrew—when suddenly  
A cool breeze swept the magic mist aside,  
And once again I saw the northern hills,  
Where, through dark pines that sentinelled the sky,  
The sun was sinking in a crimson glow.

## REINCARNATION

Gone were the golden desert sands, the Nile,  
The slender palms, the far-off temple walls.  
From all that vanished vision alone remained  
The daughter of Isis—changed, and yet un-  
changed,  
For when I woke, she still lay in my arms,  
Wrapped in the glory of some ancient dream;  
Her hands crossed, priest-like, on her tranquil  
breast,  
Quiet as old Osiris in his tomb!

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

### I

The golden river of the dawn  
Poured down the hillside bare,  
When Caliph Houssain rode abroad  
With drums and bugle blare,  
And pennons from a hundred lance  
Bright in the morning air.

“Where is the man who lives to boast,”  
Houssain Mohammed cried,  
“That he has twice turned wondering eyes  
On my Circassian bride?”

But Abdulman, his only son,  
Who rode close in his train,  
Could feel the throbbing of his heart  
Swift as warm summer rain;  
For he had seen Améné twice,  
And twice ten times again.



## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

He saw her now, with lover's vision,  
As first she came, a maid  
Fresh from her father's mountain home,  
Her hair in a shining braid:

A long braid fair as fine-spun gold,  
A brow as clear as morn,  
And eyes as dark as midnight skies  
Where the far-off stars are born.  
And he heard her sweet words murmuring  
Like wind in the ripening corn.

So ever he rode on silently  
Amid the glittering throng,  
Deaf to the neighing of his steed  
And the trumpet's martial song.

"For Allah help," though Abdulman,  
"If my dark sire knew  
That I had ever felt her lips  
Soft as the khamsin blew,  
And drunk her burning kisses  
As moonlight drinks the dew!"

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

Yet dimmed were Mohammed's youthful fires,  
His hair was growing gray;  
While Abdulman had eyes like stars,  
And locks like Heaven's array  
When Night puts on her darkest veil  
Before the break of day.

But when his father's wrath was roused,  
The bravest stood afraid;  
For swift as lightning was the flash  
Of his curved Damascus blade.

So when the lovers met that night  
They trembled at every sound—  
A rose-leaf fluttering in the wind,  
The bay of a distant hound,  
Or the dark breeze blowing the fountain spray  
Over the moonlit ground.

"Améné, O Améné!"  
Abdulman murmured low,  
"Thy lips are burning rose-leaves,  
Thy breast is like the snow

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

High on the mountain peaks of heaven  
When northern tempests blow:  
Thine eyes are like the spears of God  
Flashing upon the foe!"

"Améné, O Améné!"  
Mohammed answered loud,  
"Thy veins shall flow red as the sun  
Seen through a sand-storm shroud!

The fountain rim has hidden me  
Close at thy lover's side;  
And now Death laughs to see my sword  
Kiss such a shameless bride!"

So cried he, and his scimitar  
Flashed white in the silver moon,  
Steeping its thin length in a throat  
Fair as a cloud at noon.  
But Abdulman, in her life-blood warm,  
Fell in a death-like swoon.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

Then spake the Caliph in his wrath,  
Calling his slave, Adoun.  
"Bear him away from my sight forever;  
And let him be swiftly gone,  
Before a father stains his sword  
With the blood of his only son!

Bear him away to the desert hills  
In the far-off unknown West;  
Then leave him there to the jackals—  
And Allah's will be blest!"

So Abdulman was borne away  
From out his father's sight.  
But when the sound of Adoun's steps  
Had died, the angry light  
Fled from Mohammed's tearless eyes;  
And filled with bitter memories,  
He kissed Améné's pallid hands  
Far, far into the night.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

### II

Deeper than weary gaze could ever pierce,  
The Libyan desert stretched away,  
A vast and arid silent universe  
Of sand-dunes menacingly fierce,  
Clothed in unending gray.

Blazing Orion had long sheathed his sword  
Beneath the distant western plain,  
And all the Pleiads paled their sweet accord,  
When, from grim visions of his awful lord,  
Abdulman woke again.

Far, far behind the serpent Nile lay hid,  
Winding his green length to the sea;  
And even the immemorial pyramid,  
Beneath Night's dark impenetrable lid,  
Had sunk invisibly.

Three days, with burning glare had watched the  
path  
He travelled ever west to find  
The cooling river; while, in his blind wrath,

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

He wandered only to a swifter death,  
Since it still lay behind.

And three long star-strewn nights had bent their  
glance

With tearless wonder on his woe,  
While still he toiled athwart that dread expanse  
Weeping, until at last, in weary trance,  
No tears were left to flow.

Long had his slender water-gourd run dry,  
His hot lips bled, his haggard gaze  
Caught awful glimpses through the gathering haze  
Of bearded forms who danced in mystic maze,  
And mocked his misery.

While, close upon his heels, wild figures stole,  
Now melting in the desert's tan,  
Now crimson on the rising moon's white bowl—  
Afrite and fay, huge djinn, and jeering troll—  
Crying "O Abdulman!"

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

So when the fourth day's pitiless sunlight grew,  
No draught could cool the burning smart  
That clutched his throat, nor any breeze that blew  
Temper his parchèd brow, nor even the dew  
Of Allah still his heart.

And his steps grew more weak ever, till the star  
Of evening climbed the rim of heaven—  
When suddenly he seemed to see afar  
Dim city walls across the desert bar,  
With domes and towers seven!

While music faintly blown adown the wind,  
Cool springing, kissed his wondering ears  
With murmuring of palm and tamarind,  
And rush of fountains, creeping to his mind  
Like sounds unheard for years.

And now the highest slender minaret  
Of all that forest of tall spires  
Gleamed for a moment, like a ruby set  
On some far-glowing golden coronet  
Deep in the sunset fires.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

Then, as the twilight faded far away,  
And silently the gentle silver moon  
Slipped from a rosy cloud of lingering day,  
Still stronger blew the wind, sweet as the spray  
From falling streams at noon.

But when the shadow of that citadel.  
Flowed to his feet—a purple sea,  
Such music as on mortal ears ne'er fell  
Swept over him with strange mysterious spell  
Of magic harmony.

A harmony solemn as the eternal spheres  
Swinging in splendour through the sky,  
Yet woven with a song so sweet with tears  
He seemed to have been waiting all these years  
To listen once, and die.

Higher and higher fled the melody,  
And higher still in shimmering streams,  
Until the magic gates of ecstasy  
Swung back their bars and set his vision free  
With unimagined dreams!



## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

### III

Up rose the sun in glory  
And kissed the paling lids  
That open Heaven's wide blue eyes,  
Then soared, and sank through golden skies  
Behind the pyramids.

But Caliph Houssain thought sad thoughts,  
His first mad anger gone,  
Until his heart upbraided him  
For what his wrath had done.

So straightway he commanded  
A sturdy caravan  
To cross the fertile valley  
Where Nile, the Father, ran,  
And journey to the desert hills  
In search of Abdulman.

Twice twenty tawny camels,  
A Sheikh in white array,  
And thirty spears, wan in the mists  
That shroud the break of day.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

But long hours passed, and lingering nights  
Where a waning moon had run,  
And still the Caliph paced the close  
Where his vengeance had been done,  
Waiting, a prey to dark remorse,  
For the coming of his son.

Then, in his grief, he sent away  
A second caravan.  
And as the weary days fled by,  
His bronzed cheek grew wan.

For his thoughts were ever of Abdulman,  
The blood on Améné's breast,  
And the lonely silent desert  
Where the wind blew from the west—  
While never a wanderer returned  
In answer to his quest.

Then called the Caliph to his side  
The captain of his guard,  
"Take me a hundred men," cried he,  
"All armed in full war panoply,  
With shield and spear and sword:

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

“And search for my son, Abdulman,  
Although the desert swell  
With fiery demon legions  
Fresh from the maw of hell!”

So spake he; and the captain forth  
His troop led, as for war.  
But five long weeks rolled slowly past  
Before he came once more—  
Five weeks, and then on foot, alone,  
Weary, and faint, and sore.

His hair shone white above his brow,  
He seemed ten years more old,  
His eyes looked wild and wondrous things  
From memories untold.

“Who art thou?” Houssain cried to him,  
“With haggard face and gray?  
And where is my son, Abdulman,  
So lately gone astray?”  
“I am the captain of your guard,  
But five short weeks away!”

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

"Tell on," Houssain commanded him,  
There is a dungeon old  
Where you may lie in safety, when  
Your tale has all been told."  
"Bis'm Allah!" said the captain,  
"I will my heart unfold.

"Three days we journeyed toward the west,  
And the wind, both night and noon,  
Blew, while the sun through whirling dust  
Shone red as the harvest moon.

"Then prone on the earth we cast ourselves—  
Each one of our armèd band—  
Shielding our heads with our burnous folds;  
For no one may withstand,  
When dark on his stormy steed rides forth  
The Lord of the rushing sand.

"But when the wind had passed away  
There fell a strange calm, till  
The sun dipped in a sea of gold  
Behind a golden hill.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

“And in that sea appeared a vision  
Of seven silver towers,  
And seven mighty domes that glowed  
Like strange enchanted flowers,  
Fair as the bloom of some houri’s breast  
Deep in the angel’s bowers.

“While from the west a cooling breeze  
Blew faint sweet melodies,  
Singing of fragrant fountains,  
Fresh with the shade of trees.

“And all my soldiers silently,  
Drawn by mad wonderment,  
Allured by those bewitching songs,  
Their senses overspent,  
As though moved by a single pulse,  
Toward that strange city went.

“But I was seized with holy fear,  
And, covering my face,  
Threw myself downward on the ground;  
Nor stirred I from my place.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

“There I lay, and gnawed my dagger hilt,  
And gripped the shifting sand,  
So sweet was that wind-blown melody,  
So tempting and so bland  
Was the lure of those mysterious towers  
That drew away my band.

“Then suddenly a mystic sleep  
Fanned me with purple wings,  
While through my veins the dew of heaven  
Made magic murmurings.

“How long I slept I can not tell,  
But many hours had gone,  
For when I woke the night had fled,  
The noon-day once more shone  
From a sky that burned like molten brass,  
And I was all alone.

“Vanished was the ethereal city  
In the dark abyss of night;  
And from that hour never again  
Has one of all my hundred men  
Come on my weary sight.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

"For days I wandered searching them;  
Now I alone have come  
Of all those gallant warriors  
Lost in the desert tomb.

"But only all-wise Allah knows  
Where is my caravan,  
The city of seven silver domes,  
That music of Shaitan  
Mysterious in the enchanted night,  
Or thy son, Abdulman!"

Thus spoke the captain of the guard;  
And, saying not a word,  
The Caliph chained him in a cell  
Where his tales were never heard.

Then a stately mosque of marble  
By the western gate he made,  
With an empty tomb of porphyry,  
Pale screens of carven jade,  
And fountains in an onyx pool  
Beneath the fragrant shade.

## HOUSSAIN MOHAMMED

There every day at the sunset hour—  
When the Muezzin's cry is sped,  
Calling the faithful to Allah's praise—  
Till his eighty years had fled,  
Houssain Mohammed prayed alone  
And mourned his son as dead!



## THE ABBOT'S SHRIVING

"Fling wide the casement. Let the sun  
Shine once more in my cell;  
That I may hear the wind again,  
The vesper's plaintive bell,  
And all those old remembered sounds  
I long have loved so well.

Then shall you shrive me, if you may,  
For o'er me sweeps a breath  
From distant oceans where unfold  
The sable wings of death.

My story is from long ago,  
When, in those far-off days, there blew  
A gentler breeze, and stars more true  
Shone down; while, as together spring  
The holly and the yew  
By ancient pathways redolent  
With centuries of dew,  
My cousin Margaret and I  
From childhood upward grew.

## THE ABBOT'S SHRIVING

Before I knew my father's name  
I lisped her name alone,  
For we were like twin flowers  
In Fate's strange garden grown.

Thoughtless as dancing fireflies float  
Upon the summer night,  
We watched the winter snowflakes fall,  
The spring-born swallow's flight,  
Playing the childish hours away  
In meadows of delight.

And so the happy years were sped,  
Till Youth set his mad magic free,  
And Love, with stealthy gliding tread,  
Came singing his wild melody.

But—heedless of the warning glow  
Of lightning, as it gleams  
Pale in the distant evening mist—  
Wrapped in delusive dreams  
I waited, while the thunder-clouds

## THE ABBOT'S SHRIVING

Of Rome's too stern decree  
O'ershadowed with their somber folds  
Those new and unimagined joys  
For Margaret and me.

I see her, Father, standing there,  
The moonlight on her brow,  
She was so fair, the stars of God  
Must still be gazing now.

Her hair shone bright as sunset gold,  
Her throat was white as day,  
Her eyes were dark as starless depths  
Within the milky way.

A meteor on some August night  
Unsewn from Heaven's veil,  
To die in one long lovely flight,  
Was not more sweet nor frail.

Yet, like a saintly fool, I fled,  
Crying that rather she were dead  
Than that our love should ever grow

## THE ABBOT'S SHRIVING

Less pure than her first orison,  
Or than the early morning sun  
Upon the driven snow.

But now that Death has drawn so near,  
The mask before my sight  
Has fallen, and the truth shines clear  
In his unearthly light.

I see my long secluded life  
Wrapped in a vain chagrin  
Torturing me remorselessly  
Because I failed to sin.

Can you absolve me? God alone  
Knows all my strange despair—  
Unless He has no pity left,  
She will await me there!"

## THE GREAT CITY

Enthroned among her marshes like a queen,  
Crowned by huge towers ablaze with jewelled fires  
Adorned with countless palaces and spires,  
She reigns high on a rock-bound isle between  
Her mighty rivers, flowing broad and green,  
To ocean, her boundless footstool, whence the sun  
Leaps through the dawn, his course already run  
O'er far-off empires and strange lands unseen.

Great mother of a thousand ships, whose breast  
Shelters the exiled in a throng untold,  
Feeding their offspring with her hard-won gold,  
Hiding their sorrows in her vast unrest—  
Would that the splendour of her bays and streams  
Might lend some beauty to her children's dreams!

## THE SEA OF DREAMS

Beyond the borderlands of deepest sleep  
That fringe the sea of dreams, beyond the dawn  
That rims the world with spires of palest flame,  
Far in the purple ocean of the night,  
Lies hid a country sentinelled with stars.

Yet not upon the pinions of delight,  
Nor with the first infuriate career  
Of passion, nor with bright illusions born  
Of moonbeams and of wine, shines forth the faint  
And unfamiliar flame which points a way  
To those strange shores. Nor is that vision's fire  
Alight for kings, for conquerors adorned  
With swiftly fading laurels, for the strong,  
For fools among their garnered bags of gold;  
But only for those frail and noble souls  
Who tread the paths of sorrow and of shame—  
The lover wearied of his heart's desire,  
The labourer sleeping in the noonday shade,

## THE SEA OF DREAMS

The seer who moans his patient prophecies  
To strange unwilling ears; or some sad priest  
Who, ever since long centuries ago,  
He rested, white-robed, on the temple steps  
And gazed across the desert to the Nile,  
Still listens to a low mysterious voice  
Which murmurs and is gone.

Far, far, across the wide and wind-swept sands  
That guard that distant sea, there lies  
A wondrous bark from days of long ago.  
High on her great mast, from an antique yard  
A solitary sail sways in the gloom.  
Dim oarsmen line the rails, and ancient shields  
Fling back pale echoes to the waning moon.  
Mysterious, she seems a ship of dreams,  
Waiting for all the weary dream-tossed souls  
Adrift upon the tide of centuries.

And now the long surge greets the sharpened prow,  
As on into the night, with gliding course,  
She speeds her magic way, until the wind,  
At last aweary, dies in murmurings

## THE SEA OF DREAMS

Upon the hushed and gentle loneliness  
That fills the quiet air before the dawn.  
The timid stars sink deeper in the arch  
Of a remoter heaven. The sea sobs low  
Like any fretful overtired child;  
While, in awed silence, at her eastern shrine,  
The world waits for that daily sacrament,  
When, in a blinding miracle of fire,  
The Sun-God shall proclaim his majesty.  
The bending sky exhales a drowsy spell,  
As though some giant angel of the night  
Spread everywhere his dark and filmy wings.  
The shadowy sail sleeps in soft waving folds.  
Languid, the sailors droop upon their oars.

Then all the far-off trumpets of the dawn  
Blow their faint silver blasts. The freshening  
    breeze  
Comes dancing from the west to wake once more  
The trembling sail with fragrant kisses. Now  
The gray dove of the pallid twilight hour  
Has fled away to vanished night; and now,  
At last, the streamers of the morning toss



## THE SEA OF DREAMS

Their slender shafts above the waiting sea.  
When lo! Upon the glowing crimson rim  
That binds the east, rests, in a magic cloud,  
The dark band of the shore; and, like a hound  
Which scents some bounding stag, the ship bends  
low

Before the wind, and leaps on toward the land.  
Already gleam afar the mountain-tops  
Guarding the kingdom where nor Hope, nor Fear  
Nor Sorrow, nor brief Joy, but wide-eyed Peace  
Alone holds sway, calm and inscrutable,  
Peace—and the distant promise of dim vales,  
Cool forests of divine forgetfulness,  
And gently rolling hills where Beauty broods,  
Shaking her golden locks to idle winds.

So lies the Vision of our happiest dreams,  
No fiery guardians bar her golden sands,  
No grim forbidding tempests sweep the leas.  
Blest haven of the lonely and the weak,  
She greets the mightiest spirits of the world.  
Wide swings the gateway to her dim domains,  
And fleeting glimpses of her silent shores

## THE SEA OF DREAMS

Meet everywhere the wayward wanderer—  
In summer lightning gleaming on the hills,  
Before the winter sun leaps through the ice,  
Or, in the somber watches of the night,  
Beyond the transient glimmer of the stars!

## SONGS

### I.

Sleep only, Love, while you are far away.  
Let pale night then invade the burning day,  
And all the world but seem  
A shadow of the wonder and the dream  
So lately fled astray.

For though the same moon guards your lonely bed  
That over us her tender radiance shed  
Those few short hours ago,  
Nor other winds your chamber curtains blow  
When each new dawn is sped,

Yet must I wait—how long! till you awake—  
Beneath the dark and silent star-crowned lake  
Of night's unfathomed skies,  
Watching the daisies gemmed with fireflies,  
Until my heart would break!

## SONGS

### II.

Although you are no longer here  
A glory lingers in the sky,  
And some faint sweetness yet endures  
Where you passed by.

For me the night is lighted still  
With stars so lately all agleam,  
Like shining petals from the rose  
Of our last dream:

Dawn flushes with a fairer flame,  
The noonday quiet, for me alone,  
Still glitters with enchanted visions  
Although you've gone.

But when you shall have come again  
Aglow with love's unceasing fire,  
I fear lest I may die of joy  
In our desire!

## SONGS

### III.

You ask how all the world for me  
Lies in a glance from you,  
Yet all the loveliness of dawn  
Shines in each drop of dew.

## SONGS

### IV.

Sing, pines—

The lonely ever silent hills are dreaming.

Swing, boughs—

Far up the cañon rain-gray clouds lie brooding.

Sleep, dear—

Within thy heart the great World-heart is beating.

## SONGS

### V.

The torch is lit and now for aye  
The world can never be the same;  
Since somber night has turned to day  
Beneath its glowing flame.

Lives there a beauty none have seen,  
Music too pure for mortal ears,  
Or songs of sadness far too keen  
Even for human tears?

Or have our eyes, alone, gone blind  
In that bright vision's awful fire,  
Our ears been deafened in the wind  
From that unearthly lyre?

For we have tasted, and we know  
The sweetness of life's fragile flower,  
And felt the unimagined glow  
Of love's long trembling hour.

## SONGS

The steeds have fled, the loosened rein  
Hangs where our chariot madly swings  
Through sun and shadow, joy and pain,  
On passion's flashing wings.

No turning back! 'Tis all too late  
To count the cost, or shrink in fear.  
The torch is quenchless, and grim Fate  
Is now the charioteer!



## SONGS

### VI.

Sweeter than the autumn rain  
Weeping in the wind-toned grain  
For the spring to come again;

Swifter than the moment's throng  
Calling, calling "love is long  
Only as a noontide song";

Frailer than the frailest rose  
Drooping to the winter snows,  
Life lasts but a day, and goes.

## TO BEAUTY

First-born of all God's children and most fair!  
Ancient wert thou when Time himself was new;  
And while the dawning ages slowly grew  
From primal darkness, ere the Sky had worn  
Her earliest diadem of stars,  
'Twas from thy glittering rainbow wings that  
spread

The faint sweet radiance of the world's first morn.  
So in the end, when earth exhausted swings  
About a dying sun, and all the throng  
Of heavenly companies have well nigh spent  
Their mighty courses, thou shalt still be young.

Mother of Muses, Light, and Song!  
What seasons shall we not entune to thee;  
Whether thou'rt hid in frailest flowers that swell  
When Winter slips his pallid robe of snow,  
Riding with Autumn on his crimson steeds  
Who drive the storm-clouds low,

## TO BEAUTY

Or as sweet Aphrodite from the sea  
In concourse of midsummer revelry?

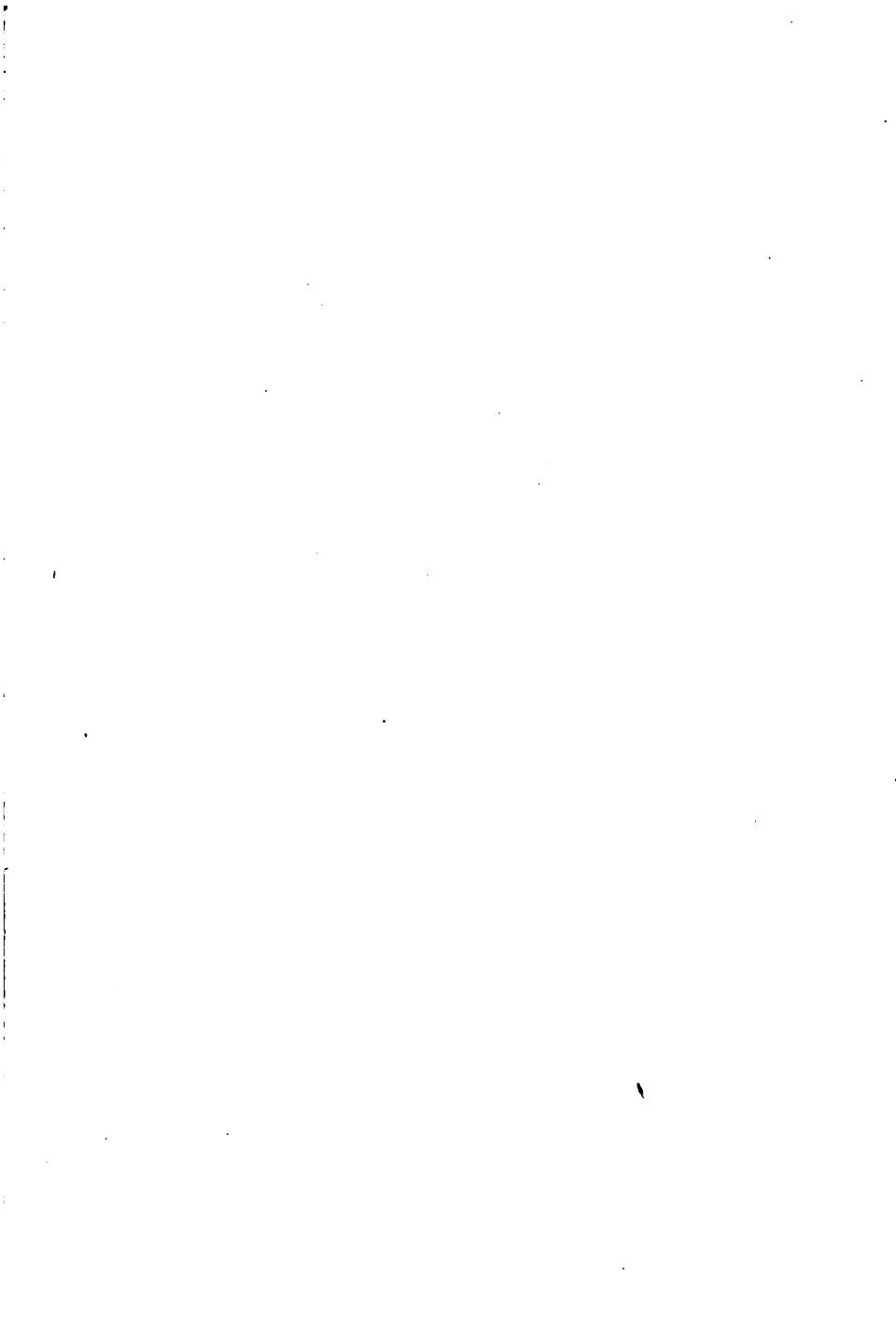
Thou gentle solace of those lonely souls  
Whose silent wanderings through twilight woods  
Elude the day with melancholy moods—  
How, in the midst of battle, are we blind  
To thy celestial might  
Flaming with wondrous lightnings on the wind;  
And each new dawn, before unseeing eyes,  
Folding the wakened earth in fresh delight!  
Oh, thou, whose love is meed for noblest minds,  
Alas, how is the world slipped from thy sway;  
How far away  
From sordid cities filled with strife and pain  
The glory of thy morning seems today!

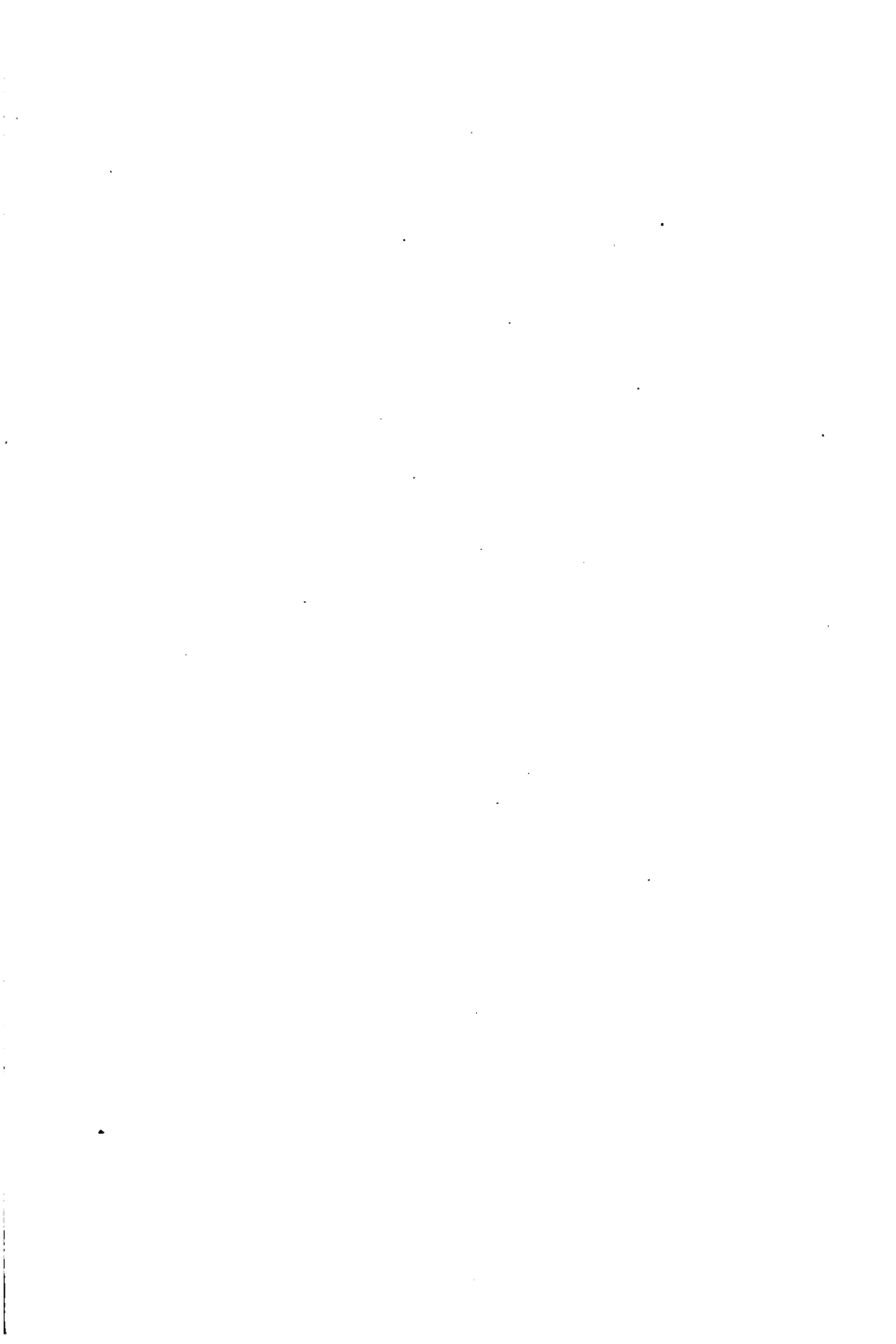
Yet all but thy sons vanish in the years,  
Nor far from thy kind benison endure;  
Lingering only for a little while,  
Although the most exalted spirits pure  
That ever wept in vain, or with the smile  
Of heavenly sympathy dried sorrow's tears.

## TO BEAUTY

For where are Asia's myriads gone,  
Persia, and Colchis with her golden fleece,  
Or all the worlds that Alexander won;  
While, still a splendour in the hearts of men,  
Burns on the torch of beauty-loving Greece?

For not apparelled in felicity  
Dost thou alone appear;  
But ever with thy shadow-brother, Death,  
Whose dreaded sword hangs loosened in the sheath,  
And whose grim spear  
Is graven with the mighty blazonry  
'Whatever is not beautiful shall die!'





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